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the

Commonweal

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AFTER SOCIALISM, WHAT?

RICHARD HAYES

THE WISDOM OF COLETTE

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september 5

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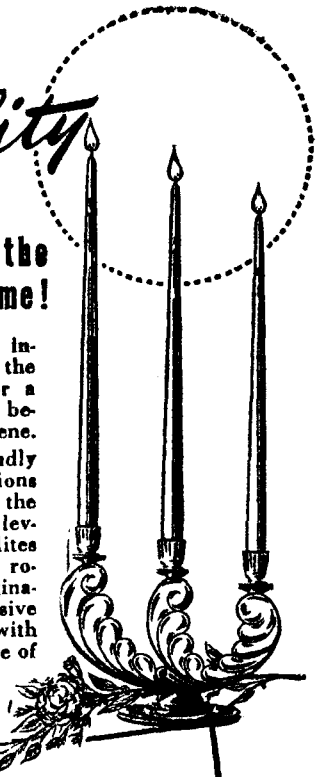

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Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM, ANNE FREMANTLE

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

THE ATTACKS ON CONTAINMENT

OPPOSITION to the foreign policy of the Administration makes strange bedfellows. Right now signs abound to indicate that criticism of containment is becoming fashionable, and as the campaign advances vague references to "mere containment" are likely to be sprinkled through the speeches of isolationist and internationalist alike.

Conceived during the postwar period of disillusionment with the Soviet Union, containment aimed precisely at what the term implies, and its adoption by the U. S. was evidenced by such moves as the enunciation of the Truman doctrine and the establishment of the Marshall Plan. Under containment, our foreign policy for the last five years has taken two main forms: drawing a hypothetical line beyond which we will not tolerate Soviet advances, and building our own strength and that of our allies in order to meet the Soviet threat.

Most criticism of containment calls for a more dynamic foreign policy. When such criticism comes from those long identified with the Taft-Hoover brand of isolationism, it is hard to take it seriously. At the time of its adoption containment constituted a decisive attempt to meet the Soviet challenge, and it won out only over bitter protests from the America-as-Gibraltar school. Isolationists may someday be able to persuade the U. S. that they really represented a positive approach to foreign policy, but they will have to wait a few more years.

But if pleas for a more dynamic policy come with poor grace from the lips of the one-time isolationists, not all critics of Administration foreign policy can be dismissed as disguised America-Firsters or Asia-Firsters. To an increasing extent, containment is on the receiving end of criticism from men like John Foster Dulles, who do not engage in dangerously irresponsible politicking. The charges they level deserve a careful hearing, and to this end The Commonweal, in this and the previous issue, published Mr. Lukac's critique of containment.

However, although serious re-examination of the goals of our foreign policy is necessary from time to time, so far the major critics of containment do not seem to have made a very coherent case. They tend to be strong on the past and weak on the here-and-now. To a large extent, what they have done amounts to posing questions about the ultimate outcome of the international situation which they themselves cannot answer very satisfactorily. It is easy to ask where it will all end, but the truth is that, with the possible exception of the men in the Kremlin, no one has the answers to the kind of questions sometimes put by critics of our foreign policy.

ONE of the big flaws in containment, as seen by its critics, is that the best it offers in the immediate future is peaceful co-existence with Russia. This goal, it should be remembered, is considerably more than the future seemed to promise in 1947, when the chances of stopping the Soviet drive seemed infinitely less likely than they do today. Nor should it be forgotten that even now many citizens of Western Europe would sleep easier if they really felt sure of co-existence rather than of a future in a nation taken over as a Soviet satellite.

Foreign policy has to work in terms of the possible, and in the light of what might have been, containment as a goal is nothing to be sneered at. But even so, on this score critics of containment do the policy something less than justice.

In the long run, supporters of containment are backing their belief that the free system is better than the totalitarian. They believe that the internal contradictions of the dictatorial regime will cause increasing internal stress, that satellites will turn to Titoism and that the entire structure will go down, if only the free nations can remain out of Russia's clutches in the meantime.

All this sounds very theoretical, and if given the choice, certainly anyone outside the isolationist camp would vote for a "dynamic" foreign policy as opposed to a "static" one. But if a change is to be made, the critics of containment will have to be more specific than they have yet been.

Exactly what kind of dynamism do the critics of

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containment propose? Some evidently have in mind increased attention to activities like the Voice of America and other measures aimed at encouraging unrest behind the Iron Curtain. For them the solution should be relatively painless; they can start by fighting to restore funds slashed from such proposals by Congress in the past.

Others appear to have in mind some kind of preventive war in the name of freedom. In any such venture we would surely have to proceed without allies, and it might well be a suicidal move. Even if we won, there is little reason to believe that in the process we would have advanced the cause of world peace.

For all its drawbacks, and despite some failures in execution, the present policy actually represents a realistic effort to cope with the horror of modern war. It embodies a recognition of the fact that it is well nigh impossible to lay a groundwork for peace by use of weapons of total destruction.

Containment means walking a delicate tightrope; it means saying to the Soviet: "You can come no farther. To protect our freedom, we will fight, even though we know such a war is likely to destroy our civilization. But we will fight if we must." Containment in other words, tries to face the fact that freedom possessed may be saved by the threat of war, but that if total war comes, it may well destroy freedom in any case.

Where Eisenhower stands on all this is not easy to determine. He told the American Legion that if he were elected President he would tell the Kremlin "with cold finality" that the U. S. will not accept permanent Russian control of Eastern Europe and Asia; the American conscience, he said, "can never know ease" until the Communist world is returned to freedom. But in the very same speech he stated, "Neither the passage of the years nor the power of the tyrant will put an end to our search for the peaceful instruments of (the Communist sphere's) liberation."

Possibly the critics of containment have in mind a program that will be a big improvement on present foreign policy. If they do, they should spell it out, clearly and without ambiguity. They should discuss not only the mistakes of yesterday but exactly what they propose for today and tomorrow. But if they have no such program, they should hold their peace.

Containment may not be the perfect answer to the Soviet threat, but it is the only policy we have right now. Exposing it to danger without having ready an adequate substitute endangers the entire free world. No political prize is worth the risk involved.

NEXT WEEK

BERNARD WALL writes about the relationship between the Vatican and Italian politics.

"On the one hand we have the Demo-Christian majority party which, though led by ardent Catholics such as Signor de Gasperi and Dr. Gonella, claims that it is autonomous. On the other we have Catholic Action. This, as I have said, is under the control of the Church, but, through Professor Gedda, it has promoted the Civic Committees which in practice work as the machinery that enables De Gasperi to win his elections. I do not think I would be exaggerating much if I put it this way: De Gasperi's party would be lost without Gedda and Catholic Action, and Catholic Action derives its mandate directly from the Vatican."

NOT-SO-BRIEF BRIEFING

AFTER the fuss over Governor Stevenson's White House coaching by the combined forces of the Truman Administration, it took a brave man even to mention the word 'briefing' around Washington. Defense Secretary Lovett does not worry about politics, however, and no one has ever questioned his bravery. Without blinking an eye he suggested another kind of briefing, and it is to be hoped that his suggestion will not be lost sight of in the flurry of the coming campaign.

Lovett's point was simple. No matter who wins the election, he wants to be relieved of the heavy burden of his office. A Republican himself, he rigorously stays out of politics, and as Secretary of Defense he has set a national example of placing public welfare over partisan gain. In an effort to keep the Defense Department operating on the same nonpartisan level, he urged that whoever is elected President send his nominee for Secretary of Defense to the Pentagon for training as soon as the ballots are counted.

The merits of the idea are obvious. In this fashion, some sort of continuity in the civilian direction of the military establishment could be had with a minimum of fuss. Lovett even estimated that such advance briefing would give his successor an introduction to the problems of the Defense Department that might take a year or more to achieve if he did not arrive until after inauguration day and had to start from scratch. Whether it is President Eisenhower or President Stevenson, he will be wise to follow Lovett's suggestion.

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THE ANNUAL LITURGICAL WEEK

LAST Easter was the second one since the Holy See granted permission for the celebration of the new Holy Saturday liturgy. The great majority of American Catholics, unfortunately, remain unfamiliar with this historic liturgical reform. Its importance was recognized, however, during the recent annual Liturgical Week, held in Cleveland during late August. The Pascal reform was this year's theme, and the explanation of its significance was the Week's major concern.

The liturgy of Holy Saturday, the most symbol-laden of the Church's year, has long been relegated to a practically forgotten position—celebrated during the early dawn hours of Saturday, hard upon the laments of Good Friday. Few laymen appreciated its wonderful introduction to the Pascal mystery. When Pius XII granted permission for its restoration to the hours of Holy Saturday night, it was an effort to make participation more widespread among the laity.

The attention now given the Pontiff's intention by the Liturgical Week should help to increase appreciation of this reform among American Catholics. It is to be hoped that next year, as a result of it, a much larger number of churches than before will avail themselves, with the local Bishop's permission, of the most far-reaching opportunity for a liturgical restoration made in many years. The annual Liturgical Week's planners are to be congratulated for this year's choice of theme.

EISENHOWER AS EISENHOWER

NEW YORK'S *Daily News* recently carried an editorial which expressed its keen disapproval of General Eisenhower's campaign tactics to date. The tabloid told the Republican candidate that, although it was doing its best to support him, his own attitudes were making support difficult to continue. Special complaint was made of the General's refusal to make political capital out of such issues as "Trumanism," "subversion" in the State Department, and the Acheson foreign policy. Unless such capital were made, the paper warned, Eisenhower could expect to hold no higher presidency than that of Columbia University.

This editorial probably reflected a good many "real" Republicans' frustration over Eisenhower's reluctance to become a personable version of Robert Taft, but his stubborn insistence on remaining Dwight D. Eisenhower fulfills the hopes of those millions of Americans, both Republicans and independents, who believe he can be trusted to give the country idealistic, independent leadership. As is so often the case, the *News'* sorrow is the nation's joy.

The temptation to follow, at least in part, the advice of that wing of his party so adequately represented by the editorial policy of such journals as the New York *Daily News* must present itself, occasionally, even to the General. He is a novice, politically, and he now heads a party grown bitter and frustrated from long defeat. Labels come easily to the political mind, and the cynical assumption that politicians do not necessarily mean what they say is almost a part of our national folklore. The General, however, has refused to shape his pronouncements to reflect his party's bitterness. He has insisted on meaning what he says.

In a section of the country much more inclined to the *Daily News'* than the *Herald Tribune's* version of Republicanism, and surrounded by party leaders eager to hear him sound like Douglas MacArthur, Eisenhower had the courage and patriotism to insist that the United States had no choice but intervention in Korea. By making clear his disapproval of the "Truman War" theory, he gave his own party a much needed lesson in political responsibility. Mr. Stevenson had said that it would be better to lose the election than deceive the people. Mr. Eisenhower here showed that he agreed.

Several days after his endorsement of the President's Korean intervention, the General was forced to state his position on Wisconsin's junior Senator. Obviously unhappy over his predicament, resentful that the realities of political life forced him into such unsavory company, Eisenhower made it quite plain that he disapproved of the McCarthy tactics. But what he took away with one hand, he gave back with the other. Despite his refusal of "blanket endorsement," he said he would support McCarthy if he wins renomination in Wisconsin. Party solidarity and the necessity of electing a Republican Senate, he insisted, determined this support. This position may not have been all one had hoped for from the General, but it is, perhaps, all that one could expect from a man seeking political office. Eisenhower may have refused to burn down the rotten part of his house, but he at least refused to inhabit it.

The General has a heavy load to carry. He must wonder, in his more reflective moments, about the company he keeps. But despite the practical temptations of his position, he is managing to remain an honest man—a man of undeniable goodwill. His role in this campaign may of necessity be less crusading than he had thought it would be. It is also more honest than his political enemies pretend. Win or lose, Dwight D. Eisenhower promises to deserve well of the Republic.

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COCA COLONIZATION

COCA COLA has become more than a beverage in Europe; it is now a symbol. Coca Cola, which began as a purely American drink, is now sold all over the world. The Europeans who have grave doubts about the growing influence of the United States regard it as a typical example of what they fear for the future.

The famous American drink is cheap, synthetic, over-advertised; its basic contents are unknown; it is mass-produced and there is a sameness between one bottle and the next that cancels out the human factor. The vintner takes pride in his product, European critics will tell you; the Coca Cola salesman is a mere dispenser. When the ultimate in Americanization is reached, the refreshment is dispensed from a machine.

The professional European neutralists, who find little to choose between Russia and the United States, have fastened on Coca Cola as a typical American horror. The word itself has been used to sum up their worst fears about the present political role of the United States. It was François Mauriac who hit on the phrase Coca Colonization to describe what Europe stood to suffer from the peaceful invasion of America and American ways on the Continent.

Not very long ago General Eisenhower described the United States as the greatest spiritual bulwark against Communism, as well as the most powerful military and political force in the world. There were many Europeans who thought the General was talking nonsense. "America stands for many things," a professor told me, "but one thing you don't stand for is spirituality. It is a paradox, I know, but the Communists, the great apostles of materialism, make their greatest appeal on spiritual grounds. They talk peace and brotherhood and demand sacrifice and selflessness in the name of an ideal. It is you 'spiritual' Americans who harp on refrigerators and bathtubs and want to drop Sears-Roebuck catalogues on the rest of the world."

Let no one conclude from all this that bathtubs and refrigerators are universally unpopular in Europe. Such materialistic advantages as nylon stockings, television and chlorophyll toothpaste are widely hailed. American films and jazz music in many places are more popular than the native arts.

It seems to many European youth that America is the place for young people—it is the land of opportunity, of high living, of fast automobiles, sharp clothes, good times. We live well. America is still young, they will tell you; Europe is old, tired, disillusioned, without hope and with too many memories. The States seem to be the land *par excellence* for youth and the youthful way of approaching life.

Such wholesale admirers of America and the American way do not generally have the confidence of their elders. They are too ready to throw over the values of the past, too quick to discount tradition and the sacred heritage of Europe. It is probably true in every society that age is ready to despair of youth, but in Europe today the tensions between young and old are pointed up by the history of the immediate past and the underlying lack of hope for the future.

Young people over there may have hopes for the future, but they are not *European* hopes. They are personal and usually are pivoted around immigrating to the United States and becoming one of that starry group which pours in every summer from the airlines, the *Queen Mary* and the *Ile de France* and then when they are satiated with the amusements that the old world has to offer return jauntily to "God's country"—as American tourists like to describe the homeland to their European friends.

Immigration is the great European dream. At one time a survey was taken in Italy, and it was found that one out of every three adults wished for the opportunity to leave. Among young people, I suspect, the figure would be more startling.

When young people in this country dream of the future it is an American future they have in mind. In Europe the young regard their homeland as a museum piece. "Here," a young man told me in Italy, "you go look at cathedrals built a thousand years ago. In the States you go see the new thing, not the old thing. You live in the future there. We are supposed to live in the past. I'm sick of the past. I want to live for tomorrow and forget about yesterday. What good is yesterday going to do me?"

The future, as many young European see it, is America's. And why? No one believes it is because America is a spiritual powerhouse. America is shrewd, practical, sensate, materialistic, brassy and not overly given to cultural pursuits. Hollywood may be tinny, but the movie stars eat well—so do the salesmen, the hucksters, the surface philosophers of the slick magazines. What good are venerable traditions after they become meaningless? What good is culture when you haven't got the wherewithal to enjoy it? America with its emphasis on the material, the concrete, the moneymaking, "success" has the right idea.

This is how many European youths feel. They welcome Coca Colonization. They feel it is the way of the future and that its critics are looking back. The only hitch is that they don't believe that Europe really can be Coca Colonized. That is why for so many their dreams are *American* dreams. It seems so easy, given the American's opportunities, to make the grade. Everywhere they talk about what they plan to do after they get off the boat in New York.

JOHN COGLEY.

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After Socialism, What?

THE ISSUE CONFRONTING THE PEOPLE OF MODERN ENGLAND IS NOT SOCIALISM BUT DE-SOCIALISM

GEOFFREY ASHE

WILLIAM MORRIS, in his fantasy *News from Nowhere,* picked on the year 1952 for a Socialist revolution in England. The hour has struck, but the issue before the English people is not Socialism but De-Socialism. State-owned trucks and steel companies are to be sold (we are assured) to private interests. As yet there is no sign when the unwinding will proceed farther. But even the first modest devolution seems to be presenting difficulties; and it is worth asking—with this example before us—whether Socialism can really be undone at all, and if not, what is to become of it.

The press magnate Lord Beaverbrook, who masterminded and ruined the Conservative election campaign of '45, soon after that fiasco offered a fresh piece of advice which no one took seriously. He said the Conservatives should begin at once to invent a procedure for de-nationalization. They, however, having followed his advice when it was bad, characteristically ignored it when it was good. Hence the haze of bewilderment in which, today, they are attempting something much more novel and experimental than Socialism. The State has advanced, again and again, in one country after another. It has seldom executed a general retreat, and thus far it doesn't know how.

There have, of course, been isolated ventures in State ownership which the State abandoned. "National workshops" existed briefly under the Second French Republic. Switzerland has tried and rejected one or two forms of public utility. Even the hybrid economy of Sweden might perhaps be swung Rightward should it cease delivering the goods. But if, as in Great Britain, democratic Socialism completely changes the bias of a country and then loses an election, will the men who come after be able to restore what it abolished?

Now the first illusion to get rid of is that Socialism can be an experiment, a sort of trial Utopia. Russia and England, after their very diverse fashions, have both exposed the fallacy of Utopia-builders. The assertion that full-blown popular Socialism "wouldn't work" is idle; it quite possibly would work; but it never gets a chance. Public opinion never generates enough force to effect a change till conditions are exceedingly bad. When the revolution comes, it takes over a legacy of hate and poverty and exhaustion, out of which no Utopia can be made. Many Socialist measures then materialize, not as experiments in progress, but as desperate remedies. This alters their entire character.

Take a concrete example. Private enterprise devastated the British coal industry. In 1913, annual output was 287,000,000 tons. In 1946, the last year before nationalization, it was 189,000,000, and working conditions were so vile that the labor force had sunk far below safety level. State ownership had been urged by a Royal Commission more than twenty years earlier, but nothing happened till the industry stank with decay. The belated National Coal Board is now improving matters little by little, and de-nationalization is not practical politics. This does not mean, however, that a Socialist move has been so successful as to paralyze criticism. Output remains low, the price of coal has gone up outrageously. The point is that nationalization came at last, not as a laboratory test, but as an indispensable piece of surgery. If it were now undone, output would decline again, and the price would go up still more outrageously. What we might call Remedial Socialism comprises a good deal of the Labor Government's achievement; and Remedial Socialism would appear to be irreversible—at any rate for a long, long time.

CASES like that of coal raise a broader question. Socialism comes too late because of the inertia tending to preserve capitalism. But how far does it produce an inertia of its own? Do citizens feel that they have a stake in it, or learn to think in a Socialist manner?

On this topic the *Reader's Digest* has furnished an interesting sidelight. A Republican contributor lately argued, with some plausibility and somewhat more irritation, that New Deal and Fair Deal vested interests have given the Democrats an unfair electoral edge. Labor, while in office, had advantages rather similar,

Mr. Ashe, formerly a journalist in England, recently settled in Canada and now writes for publications here and abroad.

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and the same factors are still at work perpetuating its policies.

One ground for complaint in America is that the swarm of Federal jobholders has weighted the scale. In Attlee's England, to be sure, this atmosphere of patronage did not exist. Few persons seriously believed that their jobs had been directly created by the governing party. Despite Lord Beaverbrook, there was no vast new bureaucracy, only the bureaucratic heritage of the war. But Socialism did nevertheless create a vested interest, mainly in the welfare field. National Insurance and the National Health Service were potent Labor arguments, and people soon came to rely on them to such an extent that the Conservatives could only get back by promising to maintain them. This is another respect in which Socialism has proved irreversible. Where the welfare schemes are concerned, every politician is perforce a Me Too-er.

A second grumble in the United States is that the Public Relations departments of Federal enterprises are, in effect, propaganda centers for the Democratic administration. In England under Attlee it did not work out exactly thus. The National Coal Board published a magazine, but its circulation was pretty well confined to the industry. More notable was a trend one could observe in the C.O.I.—the Central Office of Information. This body, the successor of the wartime Ministry of Information, paid a panel of lecturers and copywriters to enlighten the public about the country's economic position. Its messages were always simple and stereotyped: characteristics which may account for the fact that I myself was allowed to speak under its auspices. I was very carefully briefed, and watched and reported on, all with a single aim—to make sure I stuck to the plain facts, without bias. It was conceded that I normally did so. Yet I always sounded more like a Socialist than a Tory.

This was partly because the Socialists were more truthful. But there was another side to the matter. The statements of Ministers (Cripps, for instance) about production, trade, and the need for austerity, were based—like my lectures—on the plain facts. The Opposition retorted by offering different interpretations and different proposals. As to these they may have been right or wrong; but whenever anyone did stick to facts and avoid partisanship, he necessarily talked like a Minister rather than an Opposition spokesman.

The effect of the C.O.I.'s activities, as of the scrupulously honest government Economic Surveys, and the steady objectivity of the *Times* and the B.B.C., was to bring people into a subtle rapport with the Labor leaders. Increasingly they talked and thought in the same terms, even though they voted Conservative. The Churchill group has taken over a collection of citizens with new pictures in their minds, pictures of economic affairs closely interconnected and closely related to government. Those have to be reckoned with. There is no absolute retreat psychologically.

CONSIDER next a more pressing problem, the problem of denationalizing an industry which the State has absorbed for doctrinaire rather than remedial reasons. Can even that be managed?

There is no doubt that the nationalization of British steel was a doctrinaire move, or that a majority of the public opposed it. The industry, in private hands, was putting up a gallant performance, and the steelowners' expansion program was pushing output steadily higher. Nor did working conditions call for drastic reform, as they did in the mines. Nevertheless, steel nationalization was part of the Labor platform, so the Attlee Government, legalistically claiming a "mandate," bought out the companies.

No perceptible benefits have accrued, and public opinion is ready for repeal. The State now says it will sell the industry, piece by piece, to private interests, just as it will sell its doctrinaire fleet of trucks. Well, there is always a buyer for a good truck. But a steel company? Does anybody really want one? There are two sound reasons for reluctance on the part of the business men.

First, they know that free enterprise is finished. Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Supply, intends to set up an Iron and Steel Board with very wide powers indeed. It will regulate prices, development, the flow of raw materials. Now Government interference was exactly what private business found unbearable in the Attlee epoch; and here it is again, a whole cat's-cradle of strings tied to every attractive bargain which the Government offers.

A discouraging spectacle. But worse is behind. Labor spokesmen have made it clear that if they get back into power they will re-nationalize, and apparently without raising the compensation figures already set. This means that any steel firm which invests money in development under the Tories is in peril of losing it when they go out of office. The State, acquisitive once again, may simply engulf the improved plant without paying extra for the improvements. Hence, as long as Labor is liable to revive, the new owners will be saddled with deteriorating concerns which they dare not properly build up. On the most myopic view such a prospect of stagnation is scarcely comfortable, and the potential danger to the whole national economy is sufficiently obvious to deter almost anyone.

The City thinks at present that the Government might manage to unload about a quarter of its holdings in six months, if the very profitable portions were placed on the market first. After that, even columnists hardly care to speculate. One is left with an odd image of Tory ministers still resentfully running the greater part

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of the detested national steel industry—though on a much less hopeful basis (having sold all the flourishing parts)—and condemned to hold the baby indefinitely because even their best friends won't adopt it.

Unless Labor gives up the issue, which is unlikely, this deadlock is unavoidable. Give and take may slowly resolve it in a compromise of some sort. But the mere existence of a Socialist Opposition is enough of a threat to prevent complete reversal. And the only way to dispel this threat would be outright repression. If capitalists had a guarantee against Labor recovery, they would probably be willing to move. From this consideration, and perhaps from others, we might lay it down as a law of Socialism that you cannot go back except into Fascism.

MOSCOW used to denounce Social-Democracy as "Social-Fascism," on the ground that it stood for State intervention without revolutionary change, and would simply place an expanded governmental machine at the service of the capitalists. That depressing evolution might certainly happen, and although it is hard to imagine Great Britain falling into the hands of a Mussolini, the more relevant effects of Fascism could easily be produced by parliamentary methods.

In 1945, Churchill tried unsuccessfully to keep the wartime Coalition in being; and whatever his own intentions, the implications of the project were all too palpable. Democracy would have continued in full force, but democratic processes would almost have ceased. Elections would have been held, but no one would have contested them any more.

The same trick could still be done. An emergency, an inter-party embrace of "unity," Mr. X (Cons.) as Premier and Mr. Y (Lab.) as Deputy-Premier—and there you would have it: no opposition left, or, at any rate, none with the remotest prospect of power. Then a little judicious bargaining over questions like steel, and it would be possible, in some respects, to go back.

But would this be going back? Surely one of the lessons of the Fascist adventures has been that Fascism tends to become (as Chesterton put it in that curious book *The Resurrection of Rome*) a "third thing," obviously not Socialism, but by no means pure plutocracy. The dictatorial cliques in Germany and Italy ended by breaking away from the millionaires, officers, and aristocrats who had tried to rule through them. When Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio deserted the Axis, Mussolini stayed on and founded a Fascist republic with a demagogic program. To the north, Thyssen gave Hitler up, and the exasperated Junkers not only gave him up but tried hard to blow him up.

So with today's Fascist survivals. The Peron regime leans heavily on the unions; the assassinated *Prensa* was a Conservative paper. Even Franco has nationalized the railroads, introduced a State health service, and fostered industrial syndicates which Bernard Sullivan, a prominent British Laborite, pronounced after study to be something other than mere employers' fronts.

This is not a defense of Fascism: on the contrary, the "third thing" may well be more satanic than its two rivals ever are; but in view of what has happened even in countries which never moved seriously to the Left, it is altogether incredible that Fascism succeeding Socialism would or could resuscitate the old order. It would not be a case of going back, even in detail, but of going on. To what, we cannot yet envisage.

THERE is no way of telling whether democratic Socialism is or is not a stable system. Conceivably it is capable of lasting indefinitely. But if it does change, I think we can say only that it will not revert. It may turn into an unpredictable Neo-Fascism. But it may also come under Communist control (as in Czechoslovakia) and get more and more Socialistic, less and less democratic.

There are further potentialities, the dark horses of current political conjecture. If, for example, the ruling men became converted to the theory of copartnership, they might reform the State industries along that line, and achieve results good enough to inspire a revolution in private firms. Again, it is now credible in England —though England is exceptional—that popular vexation at the two drearily maneuvering parties will bring a revival of royalism. Assuredly there are few figures in the tired ranks of politicians with half the glamor of the Sovereign and her able and public-spirited consort; and the goodwill they enjoy, with all it implies in the way of national solidarity and respect for tradition, is at the very least a strong negative influence, tending to bar the way of the Communists.

Words of homage to the Queen may be allowed, as in English theaters, to conclude an otherwise inconclusive performance. The rise of Elizabeth and Philip, due to the chance of King George's illness, does hint at a factor which is more important than some suppose. Democratic Socialism contains the seeds of several possible new orders. But just because it has no positive inner logic, the course it takes will be governed, to a surprising extent, by mere incidentals of personality.

The availability of a Cripps, the death or retirement of a Churchill, the timely presence of a Bevan, the emergence (or failure to emerge) of a Philip Mountbatten or a second Mosley—such accidents have given direction, and will continue giving direction, to that which has no necessary direction itself. In the absence of undue interference from Moscow or Washington, it is perhaps chiefly by the impact of individauls and their philosophies that present or future Socialist systems will be transformed.

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Diplomacy in a Vacuum

THERE HAS BEEN A TRULY TRAGIC GAP IN U. S. THINKING BETWEEN ANALYSIS AND CONCLUSION

JOHN A. LUKACS

IDEOLOGICAL considerations have always had great bearing on American foreign policy; and ideological considerations were latent throughout the wartime diplomacy of 1941-1946. There was a general trend of thought in Washington and New York at that time which saw America as a rapidly maturing, benevolent power, imbued with the spirit and meaning of modern democracy, moving somewhere in-between the venerable, conservative but somewhat antiquated and imperialist Britain of Churchill, and the rather uncouth but in many ways admirable adolescent new Russia of Stalin.

Between 1945 and 1947 much of this was discarded; yet some basic facets of the viewpoint remained. In Washington—also, be it known, among the leading opponents of the Democratic Administration—the belief prevailed that the United States was bound ultimately to become a political showcase, providing a unique structure of democratic compromise between conservatism and radicalism, between extreme capitalism and extreme socialism, between a policy resting on being the first military power of the globe and a policy striving constantly for global disarmament and toward pacific union plans. It was this ideological glow which shone through the texture of most major foreign policy decisions. Yet these ideological concepts, spiritual as they were, were also strangely dependent, in their planners' minds, on material factors.

It was thought that without material benefits, even the strongest plantations of Western European democracy would wither. Hence the tie-up of the Marshall Plan with preserving European regimes. Similar concepts were behind Point Four. Also, American foreign policy seriously considered that in this era of social change the most reliable policy was to take the wind out of Communist sails by giving support to reliable, anti-totalitarian "progressive" forces in Europe, those approximately arrayed around the Center-Left of the ideological scale. The belief in the Center-Left spread wide, and by 1948, for example, the interoffice abbreviation *NCL* for Non-Communist Left was widely used in State papers and memoranda as a useful designation.

Yet again the question may be raised: was this policy sufficiently profound? It certainly contained germs of wartime legacies when many hopes had been put into the "progressive Left," unaware of the fact that the old Liberal Left was old, antiquated and generally dying throughout most of Europe; and the ideological Third Force, which American policy hoped to see as a political cushion between Muscovite Communism and American Capitalism, did not materialize.

Indeed, most of the Third Forces in the world are not of the NCL but of an anti-Western variety: in Iran, Iraq, Egypt and Argentina, while similar sentiment grows in Germany, Austria, Italy and other crucial spots. It may be argued that eventually extreme nationalism, and not Communism or Leftist movements, may prove to be the main and growing theme of this mid-century. A look at the world today evokes serious doubts about whether the democratic planning and tuition paid off; whether the bells of Adano tolled in vain. We can hardly say that liberal democracy is spreading. If the political balance of the world is changing, it is not changing in favor of a global democratic front, led by the United States, whose best allies today are those elements of the European Right, conservatives, whom, in 1947-48, Washington accepted with a somewhat wary, *faute-de-mieux* attitude: the Catholic parties in the Latin countries, the "clerical" De Gasperi, the Christian Democrat Adenauer, the Austrian Christian Socialists, the super-conservative Japanese Yoshida.

MUCH has also been made of the dangerous appeal of Communism to the underfed and undereducated, the danger of successful Communist revolutions: hence the emphasis of economic reconstruction in the defense against Russia. Yet has not the history of our century and its totalitarian movements proved something of the opposite?

More than thirty years passed since the October Revolution. Certainly nothing equalled the industry and zeal of Communism's agents in the four corners of the globe. Yet, in contrast with Nazi-type and Fascist-type

Mr. Lukacs teaches at La Salle College in Philadelphia. The first installment of this critique of containment appeared last week.

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dictatorships all over the earth, where the existence of German, Italian or Japanese armed forces was not always the necessarily prerequisite of the establishment of such regimes, the Communist world movement through more than three decades has singularly failed to establish a permanent Communist regime anywhere without the previous existence of the strategic domination of Russian armies in or about those territories. Not one state went Communist by itself. (China may be the exception. But it is at least worth to pose the question whether Mao could have won as he did, if the Russians had not been in Manchuria and North Korea in 1945-47.)

There is no doubt about the generosity, value and immediate accomplishments of the Marshall Plan. But do we not find in it a confusion of diplomatic means and goals again? Was the Marshall Plan the main instrument of American policy in Europe? Were the economic rehabilitation and the consolidation of shattered Western European societies enough? Soon it became clear that they were not so; and ultimately the Marshall Plan evolved into a great military program, a gradual revamping of the 1940 "arsenal of democracy" concept, except that the arsenal did not stand anymore in a sun-baked oceanic hinterland, but the barbed wire stretched along its front yard.

Meanwhile the strengthening of the Western world did not proceed quite in accord with the original "containment" schedule. The target date of Western European self-sufficiency and military composure had to be put to 1954-55 instead of the originally planned 1952-53: and had it not been for the electrifying effect of the Korean War, American and European rearmament would have fallen behind much further, while General Eisenhower's mission and inspiration, begun in the darkest and most fear-laden days of the cold war (December 1950), might not have been established.

All this provokes the grave question of long-range calculation. "Containment" wished, first of all, to reverse the time-gain element. In 1947 the Russians seemed very strong, America very much disarmed, and Europe naked and sulking in defeat: the planning called for a reconstructed and moderately prosperous western Europe by the mid-fifties when time would once again work for the West. A substantial element of this calculation was upset by the unexpectedly early Soviet atomic success in 1949, and the question may be raised whether the Soviet remaking of Eastern Europe, now under way, may not prove the need for a total revision of the original time-gain calculations.

The industrialization, manpower-training and rearmament of Eastern Europe will soon transform that geopolitically important area into a Russian glacis and armory; and in X years from now the Soviets might count on a hundred, presently perhaps unreliable and nonexistent, but in due time potential, satellite divisions.

BY mid-1948 it was clear that neither the steadily mounting American preoccupation with the ideological menace of Communism, nor the economic rehabilitation of Western Europe, was enough. Military ties and bases had to be built to counter Russia's preponderance in Europe. Thus, early in 1949, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was born. Yet the North Atlantic Treaty area did not directly border on the Russian sphere, and for more than a year it seemed that American diplomacy was silently striving to create a neutral, Third Power buffer zone between what could have been considered the actual Russian and Atlantic spheres. Sweden (and Finland) were not within the Atlantic Treaty Organization. Neither were Germany and Austria; and Greece and Turkey, although defended by the Truman Doctrine, were also within this vaguely emerging buffer area between the American and Russian alliance lines. This zone slowly extended further into the Middle East.

When, early in 1950, the developing American foreign policy debate tried to crystallize the issues, the following long-range alternatives of American diplomacy and "containment" could be theoretically raised:

(A.) The long-range American aim should be the eradication of Communism from the face of the earth, thus including Russia.

(B.) The long-range American aim should be to contain Russia within her present sphere. There were three variations here:

(1) containment be effected by the United States' permanently exercising influence and providing military stiffening in most of the areas which separate the present frontiers of the Soviet sphere from the American security sphere;

(2) containment be effected by non-Communist and politically Western-type, liberal-democratic nations, assisted by the United States militarily only so far as necessary;

(3) containment be effected by regimes, in the long run entirely unassisted by the United States. Thus a free play, a free competition of systems and ideas would lead to the formation of a third force on this side of the present Iron Curtain in Eurasia.

(C.) The long-range American aim should be to make Russia withdraw from certain areas which she presently holds and contain her approximately within her ethnic frontiers. There were two variations here:

(1) containment be effected by the reestablishment of independent, Western-type and non-Communist regimes of nations presently beyond the Iron Curtain;

(2) containment be effected and Soviet withdrawal eventually expedited by regimes and nations providing a structure of compromise, to say, mid-way between the Western and Eastern concepts of government.

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The foreign policy of the United States seemed to oscillate somewhat uneasily between B-2 and C-2 when the Korean War and its effects upon Europe greatly changed the situation. Now "containment" admittedly evolved into a policy aiming at the creation of "situations of strength," of which more effective Western rearmament, the formation of an American-European command under General Eisenhower and the efforts toward the definite inclusion of Western Germany into Western Europe were outward signs.

While internal affairs and Russian maneuvers effectively tried to delay the full political-military integration of Western Germany into the Atlantic defense sphere, slow progress was made in 1951. On the other hand, the United States continued to make it clear that the Atlantic Alliance was purely defensive in character. While the Alliance was presently extended to the southern flank, to Greece and Turkey, American diplomacy continued to intimate that as long as the Soviets did not project to advance beyond their present sphere, the United States would not offensively challenge the Eastern European status quo; although after the outbreak of the Korean War it was realized that the Eastern Europe satellites constituted vulnerable points within the Russian sphere, positive steps were not taken, beyond one very broad and general statement, the speech of Secretray Acheson at Berkeley, and the privately conducted Free Europe broadcasts.

But the critics of the Truman Administration did not observe this omission. During the developing great foreign policy debate they failed to challenge the prevailing practical, if not diplomatic, American acquiescence in the status of Eastern Europe.

Indeed, American diplomacy intimated that if only tolerable rapports could be maintained between Washington and the satellite capitals, this would, at least temporarily, satisfy the United States. The handling and negotiations concerning the Vogeler-type cases definitely indicated this position. The surprising degree of Russian preoccupation with the 1951 Mutual Security Act certainly indicated Russian anxiety and fears, but American delegates at the United Nations insisted that the Act helped "escapees" merely; it was not aimed to infiltrate, nor to "interfere in the affairs of the Soviet bloc" and the United States "had no intention of using the law to overthrow the Communist governments (of Eastern Europe) by force."

Gradually, however, Americans cannot fail to be convinced that the fate of Europe is one. Without Eastern Europe, Western Europe cannot even remotely be safe; their fortunes are inextricably intertwined. The chain of events which led to the issue of the Schuman Plan in 1950 started with the question of the Curzon Line in 1942-43, and if American diplomacy strives for the spiritualization of the French-German frontier, it must also take a stand on the issue of the German-Polish frontier (a commitment which American diplomacy hitherto strived to avoid precisely because of its decisive importance). Thus it may be said, in a form similar to surrealist verse but without its elusive symbolism, that the French problem is a German problem is a Polish problem is a Russian problem.

THE broad stream of disdain and abuse which totalitarian propaganda hurls against the democracies has obscured one significant fact of history: that the totalitarian regimes are very prone to overestimate the planning and pluck of their democratic opponents.

In the war period, 1917-21, Lenin was known to have presumed far greater unity and determination among the capitalist Great Powers than was really the case. On the heels of the Rhineland coup, Munich and the Hess affair, Stalin was prone to presuppose that Britain, in order to divert Hitler from the West, would approve of a German invasion of Russia, which also was not the case. From German archives and the records of Hitler's military conferences it seems clear that Hitler credited the Western Allies with far more military imagination and planning ability than the latter actually possessed or even contemplated.

But this totalitarian overestimation of democratic strategy has often harbored very disastrous consequences. Having witnessed Chamberlain's Central European policy before and through Munich, it seemed illogical and foolish that Britain should fight for Poland, especially when the German-Russian Pact had been made; thus Hitler attacked with a lighter heart than usual. A year before, immediately after Munich, he had reason to believe that London now gave him free hand in Eastern Europe. When he learned the contrary he was infuriated and raised the dark issue of British encirclement.

In 1944-45, through Potsdam, Stalin had similar reason to believe that the United States was disinterested in Eastern Europe, and when American interest began to be raised in 1947, he may well have concluded that American encirclement was developing. There is but little doubt that the temporary indecision of American diplomacy in the Chinese theatre and the evacuation of South Korea led directly to Stalin's permission for the Korean adventure.

Thus both in 1939 and 1950 the outbreak of war was, at least partially, due to a misunderstanding. In order to prevent war, it is the first duty of democratic diplomacy not to permit such misunderstandings, not to permit even the most rigid totalitarian regime to proceed from false analyses but to provide these regimes with reasonably unequivocal evidence of their opponents' determination and strength.

But it must be fairly stated that it was not the analytical part of democratic foreign policy in the recent past

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which was so particularly wanting. The Crowe memorandum of 1907 and the "X" article of 1947 are truly remarkable documents and have already achieved the distinction of those classic writings which are always being cited and referred to but seldom read. Whether, as critics are wont to say, the Crowe memorandum was thirty-seven years too late or twenty-seven years too early; or whether the "X" article came seven years too late, is relevant only if the results, the diplomatic record, the conclusions from the analyses are examined. The State and military papers opened during the recent inquiries show that even during the darkest and most confused years, 1943-46, American diplomacy produced reasonably sound analyses—but then the subsequent political conclusions were missing. And perhaps here is the fundamental ailment of modern democracy, which extends to the highest intellectual levels.

In 1942 Walter Lippmann correctly warned American foreign policy against illusions about postwar Central and Eastern Europe as he foresaw the vacuum arising due to Germanys' defeat. Yet after this excellent analysis he concluded that the United States should therefore concentrate on West-Central Europe and not be distracted further east where Russia would sit in any case. George Santayana in 1950 went to the depths of European apathy and tiredness, but the conclusion which he raised came from the dark Puritan clouds settling at the bottom of his heart. Since Europe was exhausted, he concluded, one should not bother with Europe, let her go.

This tragic gap between analysis and conclusion is then naturally reflected by democratic public opinion: anti-Communism, aggressive foreign policy, yes; universal military training, taxes, no; keep the Russians out of Central and Eastern Europe, keep the Communists out of Northern and Eastern China, yes; go into the Balkans, maintain the armies until the most crucial postwar issues are settled, no. One does not even have to employ such sweeping and glibly put examples to discern the growing disparity between democratic rights and duties.

The greatest asset which democracies have in face of their totalitarian opponents is the chance to chart and analyze well. A free society possesses the tools and traditions, the men and measure, the techniques and the humanist touch which are so essential in making right analyses in foreign policy. Exactly in these traits a totalitarian state is badly lacking. A terrific advantage, this; but it is the sober, arduous duty of free nations to exploit that advantage. For, as far as bold conclusions and actions are concerned, it is the totalitarians who naturally have the edge, and perhaps the narrowing of that big gap between analysis and conclusion is the greatest, most dynamic task which may prove in the near future whether democratic societies deserve to survive.

Murray, Fairless and the Future

SO help me Hannah, this is the last time this year I will write about labor trouble in the steel industry. This promise is conditioned, of course, on the possibility that Hannah will be of no help at all and something may develop that positively must be discussed.

The end of the fifty-three-day steel strike came at the height of the Democratic convention and was virtually crowded off the front pages. It was also crowded out of this column. But sober reflection has triumphed over an immense boredom with steel and all its works and pomps. The conclusion is inescapable that this settlement may be a turning point. *The* turning point.

If Philip Murray and a few other people can manage to live a few more years, there is a chance that with this agreement we might be starting a new and more cheerful chapter in what has so far been the rather grim story of U. S. labor relations.

The steel industry, until the later thirties, was open-shop entirely. In 1892 there was the pitched battle at the Homestead mills of Andrew Carnegie, when hired Pinkertons and armed strikers shot it out and picked up their dead afterwards on both sides. In 1919 some twenty-four AFL unions backed a strike throughout the industry in which what little labor organization existed was virtually wiped out. The leader of this strike was William Z. Foster, who later made a name in the Communist Party.

John L. Lewis, Phil Murray and the CIO replaced the twenty-four unions with one, and broke through in the great organizing campaigns of 1936 and 1937. Myron Taylor, then president of U. S. Steel, took a decent attitude toward the Steelworkers and recognition was achieved without a struggle in that company. But then Taylor left the industry for diplomatic labors at the Vatican. More typical was the bloody strike of 1937 in Little Steel during which sixteen workers lost their lives in picket battles, notably at the Republic Steel plant in Chicago.

In recent years the strikes have continued. In describing the state of union-management relations in the industry even a conservative magazine like *Business Week* (Aug. 2, 1952) was moved to remark: "The steel industry has never been anyone's archetype of good labor relations. . . . Steel management (has not)

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shown any great skill in understanding and dealing with work problems which make employees resentful and dissatisfied. . . . Bitterness and hard feelings now aggravate all negotiations."

And yet this industry, one of the worst in the country because of its size and strategic position, seemed to dominate the thinking of major employer associations such as the National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, except during the brief period when Eric Johnston was busy introducing a few "Socialistic" ideas into the latter organization.

It was evident that unless there was a change of heart among steel executives we could look forward only to more of the same, namely a continued aggravation of class war and class hatred.

THAT change of heart now *seems* to have taken place, or at least seems to have started, in the case of a few major steel executives. Part of the price was the longest, most costly strike in the history of the industry, a strike which temporarily crippled our defense effort and wound up with an unjustified price increase of $5.20 a ton, which will do nothing at all to ease the pressures of inflation. But with all that it will be worth it if the change of heart has truly come.

The first sign of this change was the dramatic appearance of four steel executives at a meeting of the Steelworkers' wage policy committee in Pittsburgh on Monday, July 21, four days before the strike ended. This body includes one hundred and seventy-five of the top leaders of the union from all over the country. At Murray's suggestion they had invited the management representatives, but they had done this before and no one ever showed up.

This time they came: John A. Stephens, vice-president of U. S. Steel; Joseph M. Larkin, vice-president of Bethlehem; Ben Moreell, chairman of the board of Jones & Laughlin; and John H. Morse, Bethlehem counsel. The union leaders applauded all of them, but they greeted Larkin with cheers. Here was a man who had fought for "the Bethlehem formula" which, in substance, settled the strike and could have settled it five weeks earlier if it had not been vetoed by U. S. Steel and the other members of the Big Six. The committee knew this; they respected Larkin as a decent employer; and when he wound up his talk with the words, "We've had splendid relations with your union in the past and we're anxious to get back on the track and renew those relations," they responded with thunderous applause.

Perhaps it was this little speech by, and this ovation for, a member of the genus Good Capitalist, that broke the chain of bitterness. That day the committee voted, against the four executives' urging, to continue the strike. But Stephens must have reported what he had seen and heard to his boss, Benjamin Fairless, president of U. S. Steel, the *de facto* ruler of the industry.

THE spirit of good will was contagious. Later that week, when President Truman forced Murray and Fairless into a huddle at the White House, the two men came out smiling to announce the end of the strike. The terms were substantially the same as those refused on Monday by the Steelworkers. It was the spirit of Fairless and U. S. Steel that had changed, and in the light of this change Murray apparently felt that he could recommend acceptance of that which he had formerly rejected.

The wage and fringe gains amounted to 24c on a two-year contract, with a wage reopening at the one-year mark. This was about what the Wage Stabilization Board had recommended.

The union shop issue was compromised as follows: old employees would not have to join the union; those presently members of the union would have a fifteen-day escape period at the end of the contract term, two years from now; new employees would have to join the union upon hiring, but could resign between the fifteenth and thirtieth days of employment upon written notification to the company, a copy of which must be supplied to the union.

I think this is about the minimum amount of security necessary to qualify a provision as a "union security provision." It is not, strictly speaking, a union shop. But it is a workable compromise between the poles of union security and individual freedom and it may become popular in industries that have so far resisted the full union shop.

The significant thing about the agreement was the announcement by Murray and Fairless that they would make a joint speaking tour of U. S. Steel plants all over the country to promote better understanding and improved labor relations in that key company.

The first call on this factory whistle-stop tour was the meeting of the Steelworkers wage policy committee the next day. Introduced by Murray as an industrialist with a "wholesome and very sincere desire" to foster harmonious relations between the union and his company, Fairless returned the compliment by calling Murray "a great leader, an honest man and a great American." And only a few weeks back they were hitting each other, verbally, with everything but the kitchen stove.

Fairless followed this up by giving Murray a box of cigars, which we hope included none of the type that blow up in your face. He then launched into a plea for better labor-management understanding and indicated that U. S. Steel was considering a fundamental overhauling of its labor-relations machinery, from the handling of grievances up through the negotiation of

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contracts. He blamed the strike on "a series of mistakes by all of us" and said that he and Murray had agreed that there must be some better way to handle their problems than "to keep slugging it out."

Fairless then stressed the common interests of capital and labor and added that the joint speaking tour was conceived with a view to developing ways and means by which the two might live harmoniously together in the future.

"Let's have peace and prosperity for all of us in the steel industry," he concluded and, according to the *Times,* Murray "shook his hand warmly and all but a half-dozen of the union delegates rose to applaud."

Murray replied in similar vein: "We cannot get along without one another. . . . It is up to us to develop more faith in one another. . . . We are not going to sell company unionism to any one in America. It is something more fundamental and more humane—it is a matter of good faith."

It is a matter of good faith. Until a better one appears, these words will do as a text for that new era that we all await with anxiety and hope.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE SCREEN

THAT INVERTED BOWL AGAIN

THE makers of "The Big Sky" are to be commended for not trying to crowd *all* of the novel by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., into one movie and for producing an outdoor film that really has the feel of the great open spaces. Readers of Guthrie's story know that this is no ordinary western. It is a tale of adventure —an expedition of fur-traders up the unchartered Missouri in 1832, in which nature plays almost as important a part as the stalwart men and one Indian woman who make the trip and the opposing fur-trading company and savage Indians who try to stop them.

The fact that Grand Teton National Park provides the backgrounds for some of the lustier episodes (and there are plenty of handsomely photographed shots of forest primeval and raging river) adds much to the excitement cooked up by the mere mortals involved in this story. The principal characters are a couple of Kentucky mountaineers (Kirk Douglas and Dewey Martin) who become buddies after their initial fight and join up with a tough crew on a keelboat starting up the Missouri from St. Louis.

Heading this gang is Dewey's uncle, a veteran scout (Arthur Hunnicutt) who is working for a French fur-trader (Steven Geray). At first their lone passenger is a daughter of a Blackfoot Chief who, they hope, will get them through hostile Indian country; later they are joined up by a crazy Blackfoot whose main object seems to be to whoop it up whenever he gets a chance. These two Indians somehow manage to steal every scene they're in: Teal Eye (Elizabeth Threatt) because she's so beautiful and the only girl involved in the action, and Poordevil (Hank Worden) because he keeps acting like low man on the totem pole.

Actually what "The Big Sky" needs is a little more humor and a little less grim tension. Dudley Nichols wrote a good script and Dimitri Tiomkin has composed a fine musical score to accompany the film. It runs too long, however, and Producer-director Howard Hawks gives us too much of everything—including the magnificent scenery, attacking Indians, villainous whites, and brave heroes who survive all kinds of adversity from man and nature. But what really puts this well-made film into a class by itself is that it's an outdoor movie for adults—with adult themes, a remarkable atmosphere of reality and, in spite of its adventurous goings-on, an honest recapturing of a past period.

IT is amazing that a director as good as John Ford, whose pictures deservedly win Oscars and who has the first-rate "The Quiet Man" on our screens right now, should turn up with anything as mediocre as his remake of "What Price Glory." Perhaps this play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, which turned up years ago in a good movie version, has already served its purpose and is now interesting only as a literary protest against war during the twenties. This new version with all the horseplay between Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt over the flirtatious Charmaine seems more than a little dated. We've had too many good and serious novels and films questioning the price of war glory, to accept the high jinks of Quirt and Flagg.

Furthermore, James Cagney overplays Flagg with a theatrical flare that somehow mixes up the role with his brilliant impersonation of George M. Cohan; and Dan Dailey, usually a good actor, hams up Quirt to follow the pace set by Flagg. Corinne Calvet makes Charmaine properly French, vivacious, pretty and deviating between her boys. I'm sure this film didn't set out to glamorize war, but unfortunately its effect works out that way. We still have occasional scenes showing the horrors of war and the younger men protesting, but "What Price Glory" is now a comedy decorated with Technicolor (which is used to little advantage), and a lot of "fun" is mixed up with the mud and shooting and death. Even the famous lines ("Think fast, Captain Flagg," and the final: "Wait for baby") are dated. Movies should go on and on declaiming against war and asking what price glory, but they should mean what they say.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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The Wisdom of Colette

RICHARD HAYES

WHEN, in 1920, Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette published *Chéri,* one of her supreme fictions, she was honored with a letter from Andrè Gide. It should not have been, perhaps was not, a novelty: she was no stranger to praise: Proust himself had noticed one of her love stories of the first World War. ("I wept a little this evening," he wrote, "which I have not done for a long while. . . .") But the approbation of Gide, so sparing of compliment, was not common.

The story of Léa, the fading *cocotte,* and her doomed young Chéri had moved Gide deeply; he confessed to having read it "breathlessly, at one sitting;" he noted "not one weakness, not one redundancy, nothing commonplace." And he wondered why it had not provoked comparison with Constant's *Adolphe.* "It's the same subject in reverse, almost," he remarked—thus unveiling at one stroke the source of *Chéri's* power—that secret and intolerable power of all French fiction to ravage the heart by recording the whole pathology of love.

Since that time, and in a country which worships those by whom its language lives, Colette has become a point of reference: most loved, most revered, something to take pleasure in as well as pride, "like the Louvre, or the Luxembourg gardens, or the Provençal spring." But the glory which finally came to her was not, as it is with most French writers, the crown of a life of classical shape and symmetry. Her own had been perverse and anarchic, and its details always preceded her reputation.

There was, at first, the early marriage to Henry Gauthier-Villars, the journalist known as Willy, and a man both corrupt and corrupting, whom she was later to describe as "worse than mature." It was the crucial event of her life; it altered the shape of her imagination and her experience. She went back to the subject again and again in her memoirs, drawing mordant, merciless portraits of Willy, recounting all his shabby horrors without reticence, and with a glacial malice not easily distinguished from hatred. It was he who first exploited her talent; under his tutelage, quite literally under his lock and key, she began to plunder her memories of childhood, which he "arranged," vulgarized a little, and issued under his own name. The *Claudine* books, with their subtle blend of erotic detail and fresh, ingenuous feeling, had a tremendous vogue; they brought to both Colette and Willy prestige, notoriety and financial success.

Colette left her husband soon after that, and took up a career in the French theatres and music halls. It was a strange education for a novelist, but she survived it—so much pain, so much vulgarity, so many possibilities of cheap success. Experience settled in some recess of her spirit, there to be shaped and purified, and when she was ready, it bore fruit.

NOW Colette has come, rather late, to our shores, in a handsome volume which Mr. Glenway Wescott has edited (*Short Novels of Colette,* Dial Press, $5.), and to which, as a sign of affection for his "dearest author," he has contributed a masterly introduction. It is only a sampling of her work, of course; in France, she has just been accorded that last glory—the *oeuvres complètes,* fifteen volumes, seven thousand pages, two million words. But here are four of her major *contes*: *Chéri,* its sequel *The Last of Chéri, Duo* and *The Cat,* together with *The Indulgent Husband* and *The Other One,* two narratives which, though they suffer from a kind of languor, a relaxed artistic will, are always rare, always interesting, never commonplace.

All of these fictions had previously been published in this country but, despite the accessibility of Colette's prose, its open, sensuous line, their reception was cool and limited. How account for this? Perhaps because there was so much to absorb, so much to make a part of our own experience: Proust and Gide and Mauriac, then the dazzling figures of Sartre and Camus—while we were conscious of so many more (Claudel, for example, and Montherlant) who still lie largely outside our ken. All of them had that mark of the exacerbated modern; they seemed so much more relevant to our situation than the wise and undeceived woman who continued to celebrate love and chart the course of its failure in a world which appeared to have lost the power of feeling.

How surprising, then, that Colette reaches us as none of them can, touching us where we are most vulnerable, in our humanity. There is nothing conventionally large about her; she has no general ideas to speak of; like other women novelists of her calibre, she has precisely limited the area of her imaginative attention.

But far, far more significant than any question of social or intellectual range is her greatest gift: the ability to create parables of experience with the conciseness, the exact correspondence of image and idea, of the finest poetry. Nothing will suffice for her but the total imaginative act; the breath of perfection is on all her work.

Mr. Hayes has written literary and theatrical criticism for several Catholic publications.

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WHAT Colette can do in the middle register of her art is displayed most brilliantly in *Chéri,* a *nouvelle* of some hundred odd pages, which is essentially an extended metaphor of human love, perhaps the most exhaustive and remarkable in contemporary literature.

Against a background of the Parisian *demi-monde,* peopled by rapacious discarded courtesans who have relinquished beauty but not their fierce and tensile hold on life, she poses the figures of her tragedy: Léa de Lonval, blonde and sexually opulent, with her magnificent, lustrous arms ("what lovely handles for such an old urn"), somehow of a finer grain and more generous spirit than the others, but like them, aging, and bound to the intolerable daily judgment of the mirror; and Chéri, handsome and spoiled—stunted, rather—breathing forth "the melancholy of perfect things."

Léa takes Chéri in self indulgence, with full knowledge that the love affair can be sustained only a few years; but when she must release him to the inevitable, well-arranged marriage, it is more terrible for her than ever she could have imagined.

> She felt cautious and full of defiance against an enemy she had never known—grief. Thirty years which had been spent living easily, pleasantly, often in love, occasionally avaricious, had just fallen away from her and left her at almost fifty, young and unused.

Slowly she acquiesces in her own destruction—lets time finally claim her. It is Chéri, we feel, who has escaped; Léa is abandoned to the prison of her days. "To bed, madame," she reflects. "You'll never have any other place of business and all the clients are fled."

When Colette came to write *The Last of Chéri,* six years later, she brought to the surface what had always been implicit in the earlier novel: the truth that Chéri's escape was an illusion, that he is bound to the image of Léa, corrupted sweetly by her generous love, for which he can find no correspondence in the venal postwar world. Stupidly, disastrously, he goes to see her again, only to find that nature has taken her where he never can follow. She has become grotesque, hearty, "merry, like an old man." Only her laugh is left. Life has finished with her, or she with it; she is wary of Chéri, hostile even, unwilling to return to a former state of feeling. And Chèri? Obsessiveness has destroyed him, as it destroys all of Colette's characters; sick unto death, in awful disappointment, in rage at the intolerable conditions of life, he kills himself.

In *Chéri,* and particularly its sequel, Colette moves throughout on two levels of absolutely controlled, totally disciplined meaning. There is, of course, first and foremost, the sensuous world of Colette's personal discovery. Her art is grounded in the springs of sensation; *nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu* might serve as her epitaph. She conveys marvelously, as no one else quite can, the turning of life, the opulence of nature, with its glory and irremediable pathos.

But this historian of fine senses is also the moralist in spite of herself; unless that paradox is grasped, it is impossible to trace her art to its secret and intimate source. *Chèri* is, to be sure, a poem of the senses, but it is also a serious study of the wound of love, "with all its intrigue, its calculated unselfishness, its passionate violence." It possesses a moral substance that is rich, complex and enigmatic.

One has only to compare *Chéri* with the *Rosenkavalier* of Hofmannsthal and Strauss (the two have much in common) to see its innate superiority. In the latter work, the Marschallin's grief over Octavian, her despair at the passage of time ("Sometimes I get up in the middle of the night and stop all the clocks") is marked by a sweet and moving pathos, but it reveals none of the moral reverberation, the apprehension of spirit, implicit in Léa's cry: "My poor Chéri . . . It's curious to think that in losing your old mistress, I my scandalous young lover—we both lost the most honorable thing we had on earth."

What has been gained is a morality, a whole world of obligations exceeding those of self-indulgence. When Léa, rejecting Chéri and her own last hopes of natural happiness, says to him: "If I'd really been so fine, I'd have made a man of you instead of thinking merely of the pleasure of your body and mine," she moves into the climate of sin and grief where few novelists choose to go. A kind of silence falls over the page; all that is gross and trivial drops away; we have the sense that a soul has undergone change, that some hard bit of knowledge has been gained, that a spiritual advance of permanent consequence has been made.

To Léa and Chéri, because they have loved generously, much is forgiven, but Colette never absolves them of the consequences of their actions, or of their characters. She is not deceived, nor does she deceive us, about her people. Through defiance, false pride, stubbornness, self-indulgence, they come to grief, but it is not a literary contrivance—it is the way of the world. Above all, love never saves them: it is the hardest thing of all here, the most difficult—as much a corruption as a salvation—coming in a thousand devious and treacherous disguises. Perhaps, after a point, one no longer even desires love: serenity, strength, repose—the stoic virtues—may well be what we will request in the end.

HOW much she knows, this old Colette, now almost eighty and with "immortality looming," still living and writing in her beloved Paris! She is without illusion—she is almost hard; she seems never really to have believed in human happiness, but only,

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like Flaubert, in tranquillity. Yet her art has celebrated, as surely as any of this century, a knowledge of the world's beauty and delight; it has rendered the highest kind of justice to the life of nature, recording not only the glory, but also the taint of inadequacy, of human hopelessness, which poisons its sweetest springs.

Somewhere, Mr. Westcott speaks of "the dream of Baudelaire: *luxe, calme, ordre, et volupté*"—the goal of all French literature: Colette has achieved it. In one of her memoirs, she observes:

> Who ever will undertake to set down faithfully all the traits of true love? Instead we record, with words as with paint brush, the flaming redness of outworn foliage, a green meteor amid the blue of midnight, a moment of the dawn, a disaster. . . . Spectacles not notable for their significance or their profundity, but charged by us with premonition and emphasis. For the time to come they will bear the imprint of the four numerals of a given year; and mark the culmination of some error, the decline of some prosperity. Therefore it is not for us to say with any assurance that we have ever painted, contemplated, or described in vain.

Only a moralist of the senses could have written these lines; and perhaps that is what Mauriac meant when he inscribed his biography of Racine, "To Colette, nearer than she thinks to this periwigged man."

BOOKS

Meaning Mixed with Mirth

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR. Knopf. $4.

By JOE DEVER

ONE can find considerable support for the suggestion that Frank O'Connor's widely circulated story "First Confession," (reprinted again herein) is that rarity, a piece that can actually make the reader laugh out loud. To this exclusive company we submit another candidate: "The House That Johnny Built," by the same author.

Laughing out loud at the antics of a wealthy, homely old Irish shopkeeper who goes all out to force proposals of marriage on two successive young beauties, is a welcome relief from the Freudian grimness and gloom of many contemporary prize stories.

William Butler Yeats once compared Mr. O'Connor to Chekov, and the reviewers and book ad writers seem to have taken it from there, dubbing him "the Irish Chekov." But with all due respect to the great Chekov and the comparison—based probably on O'Connor's amazingly realistic and compassionate insight into the character and vicissitudes of Irish town-folk—I, for one, never got a laugh out of Chekov in my life.

Mr. O'Connor is "the Irish Chekov" and something more: a great comedian; which fact, in my book, no longer makes him "the Irish Chekov," but simply and toweringly Frank O'Connor.

The mixture is here, as before: the best of four previous short-story collections and other stories as well. The priests are on the people, the people on the priests; the males at the females, the females at the males; and here again is that adult world of bright, pert little gamins which he does so well that his reputation as a writer would survive on it alone.

Stories like "My Oedipus Complex," "My Da," and "Babes In The Woods," filled with the droll, almost bitter wit and humor of the young who have been forced to grow old too fast: referees at the bouts between their parents, chaperones to and from the pub, tools for clandestine meetings between lovers; through it all this bewitching sophistication and alarming glibness and guile, which are to real not to be actual. Now Charles Dickens' children, now Charles Addams', sometimes both; but marvelous kids—a howl and a heartache!

Father Ring is back, coddling dying widows and misers out of their earthly fortunes; and there are the less worldly clerics, too, sweating it out in the "box" and getting an occasional guffaw out of penitents more interested in diversion than penitence.

And amid all this mirth and drollery, strains of more majestic music: ". . . the smooth, grey pelts of the hills." "It was Easter weather, pearly and cold . . ."

In an interview from the *Times*, reprinted on this book's dust-jacket, Mr. O'Connor gives us some light on his craft and, by implication, the inevitability of his success: "I write a story with a feeling of slight regret for Shakespeare's lack of talent and wake up with a hangover that makes poteen look like cold water. Then, having cursed life and forsworn literature, I start rewriting. If I can work up the Shakespeare mood often enough I may get it right in six revisions. If I don't I may have to rewrite it fifty times. This isn't exaggeration, and it's not a question of polishing."

If there is anything to be said against this collection, it might come in the form of a suggestion to the reader. There is too much life and wisdom in these stories to make for easy assimilation. They have to be read in small lots or you may need the aspirin bottle. Read 'em and laugh; read 'em and weep!

Nuns of a Sort

THE WOODEN STATUE. By Dorothy Mackinder. McMullen. $2.95.

By WILLIAM J. KERRIGAN

DOROTHY Mackinder has some of the gifts of the born storyteller. In addition, she shows such qualities as a fine sentence-to-sen-

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tence restraint and a determination to concentrate on character. If, towards the end, *The Wooden Statue* has a long, dull contrived flashback, the book gets off to a lively start and must be assessed, on the whole, as quite readable. Many readers will enjoy it thoroughly.

Some readers, however, will find their enjoyment not unalloyed. In the first place, the technique of character-presentation does not come off; particularly in the first half of the book, we are lectured about the characters instead of being allowed to see, by their actions, what they are. In fact, whereas we have it dinned into us that one principal character, the mother superior, is a very wise woman, her actions eventually belie the claim; she is, instead, fat-headed.

In the second place, critical readers will balk at accepting this, or any similar book, as "Catholic" fiction. Of course, that Bishop Summerhayes served in "various dioceses" before consecration and that the chaplain gives Benediction in a chasuble are only delightful absurdities; even the implication that the existence of God is solely a matter of faith is, though a quite serious error, amendable. The real point is that all these Catholic Sisters, with scarcely a word changed, could be Episcopalians, or, with a few changes more, Lutheran Deaconesses. (True, then you might have to get rid of the statue, but it might better be restored to the pages of *The Marble Faun* anyhow.) Nay, with changes only of incidentals you could make them all Buddhists.

The point, in fact, is that no character in the story need be Catholic any more than the Sisters need be French or the statue wooden. It is as if you made *Treasure Island* a "Catholic" story by renaming Dr. Livesey "Father Livesey" and making Hawkins's mother a Franciscan tertiary, along with just a few inserted pieties claimed as motivations. Try it and see how easy it is. How Do You Know You Can't Write?

No, were I advising a friend tempted to read *The Wooden Statue,* I should ask whether he had ever read *Tom Jones,* quite as entertaining and immensely better done. I should think of *Tom Jones* because I should be thinking how little some of us have learned, how much forgotten, these past two hundred years, about the technique of fiction. Of course, *Tom Jones* is not a "Catholic" book, but, then, neither is *The Wooden Statue,* really.

Berdyaev

THE BEGINNING AND THE END. By Nicolas Berdyaev. Harper. $3.50.

By JAMES V. MULLANEY

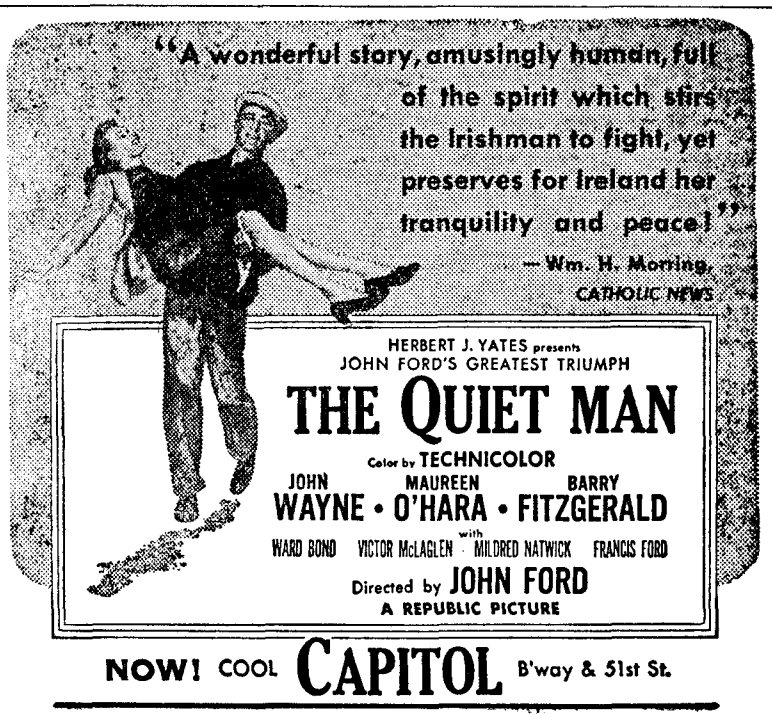
WE find in the preface to this study the author's own description of it: "I should describe my book as an essay in the epistemological and metaphysical interpretation of the end of the world, of the end of history."

Part I, "The Problem of Knowledge," proposes a Kantian epistemology in which the object has reality only in terms of the subject. Part II, "The Problem of Being," develops the position of the German mystic Boehme that freedom is prior to being, even to Divine Being. Part III, "The Mystery of Newness" derives in Hegelian fashion becoming from non-being which is the pre-condition of freedom, which in turn precedes being. Part IV, "The Problem of History and Eschatology," looks to the establishment of a new era of the Spirit within each person, to such a profound affirmation of Spirit, which includes liberty, as to wipe out objective being and man's "servitude" to it.

Berdyaev cannot be evaluated at this time. He is too close to us in history, too distant from us in background, and too ambiguous in his relations to Christianity and Communism. Yet a few characteristics can be seen.

He is a man without discipline. He is committed to the proposition that thought to be fruitful must proceed from passion: only sterile thinking proceeds from intellect. Thought must be visceral, rather than cerebral: or, to be more precise, the will must precede the intellect. But passion and volition freed from the discipline of reason are at best indifferent guides and almost always destructive ones. The romantic glorification of the passions in philosophy engenders a certain ardor, as this book well exemplifies: but it is an indiscriminate ardor which is quite as indifferent to intellectual clarity as it is to which philosophical position it devotes itself.

This lack of discipline renders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Berdyaev incapable of thinking or writing systematically, as he acknowledges in his Preface. Since he recognizes this limitation it is difficult to understand why he attempted the present systematic presentation of his thought. Had he followed the style of Pascal's *Pensées* or Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations* he would, I suspect, have written an invaluable book. What he has given us here is a whole which is by no means equal to some of its parts. For a number of the individual sentences in this book are magnificent.

This lack of discipline makes scholarship impossible. Berdyaev is at home in Kantian and nineteenth-century German philosophy. It is perfectly clear that he has no first hand knowledge of any but German philosophy: he has not disciplined himself to *listen* for the whispers of truth in the whole magnificent tradition of Western thought. Yet he has hundreds of references, never substantiated by a footnote, to other periods of philosophy about which he is egregiously but arrogantly misinformed.

Finally the lack of discipline necessarily involves a lack of balance. Love of liberty must, for him, become anarchy; love of spirit must lead to a denial of matter. He is a man intoxicated with a handful of ideas, each of which must be pushed to its absolute extreme. Berdyaev may have been a genius: but he was never adult enough to recognize that each human idea must exist in dynamic tension with a host of other ideas, each hemming in and moderating the direction of every other.

One must be much more balanced in trying to evaluate Berdyaev than he was in evaluating other philosophers. Perhaps in some things we have not yet reached his insight. Perhaps in others we are limited by our occidental Christian background in understanding this Russian, originally of the Orthodox Church. But all such allowances having been made, it remains that there is a good measure of error here. It also remains that there are here some truths purely contemplated, brilliantly communicated.

Can't Go Home

THE RED CARPET. By Dan Wickenden. Morrow. $3.50.

By FRANK GETLEIN

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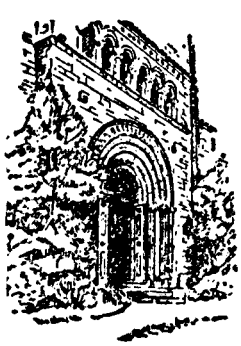

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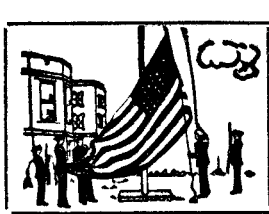

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wave-beat against the Staten Island Ferry at five o'clock in the morning; they wanted to be painters, to catch the exact and mysterious shade of white in the tile of a subway men's room; they wanted to be musicians, weaving their *motifs* of America, love, frustration, sex, fascism and the arts and orchestrating everything with the wild beating of their own young hearts. They wanted very much to want to go to Spain, and they hinted darkly in the dark taverns that they were crushed by conscience, prisoners of the Muse who must be served, who would not let them join their comrades on the Spanish hills, but kept them darkly in the dark taverns, on hand to write the message if ever the taverns closed.

Such a one is the hero of this book, Jason Lysander Bent, who is twenty-two when he hits the Village. He makes two friends at once, Robert Holland, another young writer, and his wife, Virginia. Jason falls in love with Virginia but she manages to hold him off for at least three quarters of the book—possibly all the way: this point is by no means clear; it turns on one of those blanks between paragraphs; something pretty significant happened between the lines, but we never find out what. Something also happened to Mr. Wickenden between paragraphs at an early stage of the book. He starts out doing a broad parody of the Thomas Wolfe type young man, but presently he's being sympathetic as all get out. He has become interested in his people and this is the worst thing he could have done, for they are not interesting people. Their characters are established once and for all in our first meeting with them. Virginia is an actress and worries about her chances of getting a part. Robert, the writer, worries about himself, his relations with Virginia, his relations with his contemporaries, his relations with his family. He is a kind of spiritual hypochondriac and inevitably, toward the end of the book, between threats of suicide, he takes to the golden elixir, booze. The minor characters are stock; some have the value of one mildly funny gag the first time around.

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Meanwhile, Jason. He drifts in and out of this, observing, experiencing, worrying about himself. There is no particular action going forward or even backward, although the author suggests faintly that Jason is really moving back toward an early sweetheart.

By the last third of the book, Mr. Wickenden is completely on the side of Jason and delights in recapturing the accoutrements of a past so recent that only his youngest readers will be unable to improve upon his evocations: the magic of jazz, the magic of bullfighters, the magic of old English folk-songs, the magic of pacifism. By the end, this change of loyalties can lead Mr. Wickenden to sever Jason and Virginia with this kind of writing:

"The wind had been worrying and worrying at the pages of Robert's scripts, and now it whisked the first few sheets out from under the ash tray. They fluttered to the floor, but Jason did not pick them up this time, and he did not close the windows. If rain started falling, the sound would waken Virginia, and she would come back into this room he was leaving for good, and bring it alive again. Virginia would close the windows and pick up the fallen pages and put her husband's epic, her husband's stories, away where no wind could get at them."

Throughout, because of Jason's name, there are learned references to the Golden Fleece, the Argosy and Medea. This is mistaken identity: the hero and his classical name actually refer to that other Jason of poetry, he who was asked to hasten with a basin.

The Scriptures

ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE. By Very Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P.; revised and amplified by Rev. Sebastian Bullough, O. P. Herder. $10.

By G. B. HARRISON

THIS learned work of nearly eight hundred pages, mainly compiled by the late Father Hugh Pope and completed by Father Sebastian Bullough, gives the serious student of the Bible what he has long needed—a thorough critical survey of all translations of the Bible into English from Caedmon to the Confraternity edition. It is a book which entirely deserves the familiar label "essential for any serious library." Such a mass of close packed information cannot briefly be summarized, but certain sections are particularly valuable. The book demonstrates the falsity of the old slander that before the Reformation the Catholic Church forbade or even discouraged competent vernacular translations. It traces the complex interrelations between the famous Protestant versions of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, from Tyndale's and Coverdale's first translations in the 1530's, through Matthew's Bible, The Great Bible, The Bishops' Bible and The Geneva Bible (with its nasty notes) to the most lasting of all, the Authorised or King James Bible of 1611. It follows the Catholic translations from the Rheims/Douay Bible of 1582/1610 through Dr. Challoner's revisions down to the present century, and comments severely on the slipshod practices of some of its editors. It notes the modern versions, Catholic and Protestant, of the last fifty years. The survey is completed by a bibliography of thirty-three pages, and valuable appendices listing over three hundred European editions and reprints of English translations of the whole or part of the Bible between 1505 and 1950, and a similar supplement for America of over two hundred and sixty titles since 1790. The charge that "Catholics don't read the Bible" would thus seem to need some qualification.

REVIEWERS

Joe Dever is a Boston novelist and short-story writer.

Rev. William J. Kerrigan teaches at Ottumwa Heights College in Iowa.

James V. Mullaney is a member of the Philosophy department of Manhattan College.

Frank Getlein is associated with the Spaeth Foundation in New York.

G. B. Harrison is now at the University of Michigan.

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PROPAGANDA

"UNDOUBTEDLY it is commonly assumed that one function of the Catholic press is to 'do propaganda for the Church.' Now the word 'propaganda' is of very respectable, not to say exalted, origin: from the name of the Church's organization (congregation) at Rome for the spreading of the faith—**'de propaganda fide.'** But the word has become hopelessly debased, and its popular connotations are today as discreditable as those of the word 'indoctrination.'

"The object of a Catholic publication is to ascertain and display truth in whatever it touches—truth, not propaganda! And to the extent that that is done, and done delicately and courteously, the good news of Christ is preached, the cause of Christ is served, even though His name be not mentioned. But for this the demon of propaganda, of particularism, of **parti pris** must be exorcised all along the line. . . .

"To slant a story against the evidence in favor of the Catholic Church, or against a Communist group, is objectively every bit as dishonest, as offensive to justice, as the opposite proceeding. In some dispute between a man who is a Catholic and a man who is an atheist, to assume, whether deliberately or unconsciously or 'instinctively,' that the Catholic is right and the atheist wrong (I am not speaking of Catholicism and atheism) suggests that a Christian's mind has been corrupted by an alien atmosphere. . . .

"When we use the practices of our religion as excluding shibboleths, when we use the truths of our faith as a bludgeon, what then? If a man's head has been broken by a flung brick, it is no less sore because that brick was made of gold—and it may look to the sufferer simply like a lump of very brassy brass."

—DONALD ATTWATER
in THE COMMONWEAL
February 24, 1950.

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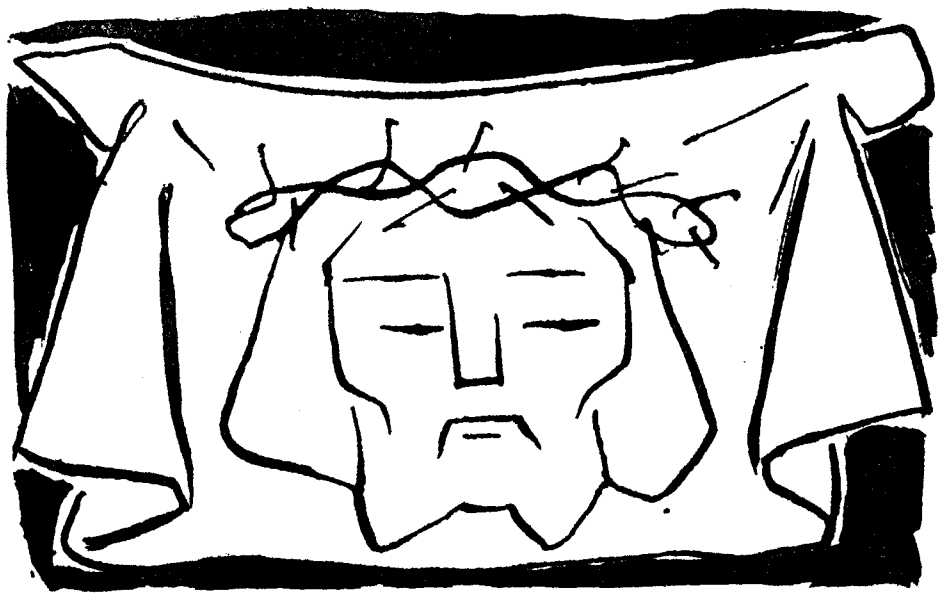

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